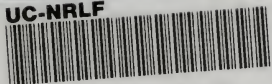


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H E R S

[A few of these verses have already appeared
in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Quest*, and
The British Review.]

To my Muse

WHY will you always draw the Almighty in
To every poem that you bid me write ?
Whatever theme it is that you begin
He must appear before the end 's in sight.
Have you no lesser loves that you can praise ?
No human passions to inspire your art ?
Can you not walk in happy homely ways ?
Do earthly sorrows never touch your heart ?
Can you not sing the hearth as others do,
The husband, wife, the mother and the child ?
Are men's ' laborious days ' nothing to you ?
Will you and life never be reconciled ?
Then joyfully replied my Muse to me
' Come, let us sing of them. They too are He.'

A Mother to her Baby

WHEN you wail within my arms
Comes to me such limitless
Passion of pity it alarms
Mother wisdom . . . I could crush,
In my love's divine excess,
What it is my task to hush
With a careful tenderness,
Lest I injure you.

So when years ahead you stand
With some trouble to confess,
Needing still the gentlest hand
To protect you from your youth's
So immoderate distress ;
I must discipline my ruth's
Fond and prodigal excess
Lest I injure you.

Westminster Cathedral

WITHOUT is twilight—here within
The dusk in floating silver drest
Enshrouds the nave from east to west
And veils the distant baldachin,

Whose yellow columns like the rays
Of sunlight in a forest pool
Compel the eyes amid the cool
Grey dimness of the deepening haze.

Beneath a shadowed archway flare
A score of tiny tongues of fire
That glow with all the still desire
Of ardent souls entranced in prayer.

The aureole of flaming wicks
Stains the surrounding gloom in dyes
So deep, that even love-searching eyes
Pass o'er the mighty Crucifix :

Till suddenly upon the sea
Of dark light leaps from wave to wave—
And altar, crucifix and nave
Surrender all their mystery.

Hyde Park

EVENING

AT eve this quiet Park
Is set with silver lamps : a starry row
Of faithful witnesses who burn to show
The open gateways to the sapphire dark.
Their splendours throw
Upon the pallid grass
A chequered shadow of the iron rails—
A pattern of pale crosses—should you pass
Within the gates, on you the mark is thrown,
For it prevails
Until you plunge beyond the outer zone
Of light and sound,
And deeply penetrate
To the blue centre of the quiet ground.
There in the lap of darkness if you wait
In tranquil patience, haply you shall hear
A little stir
Of hidden music winding through the trees :
A little breeze
May blow a moonwhite tune about your heart,
And by this high
And happy minstrelsy
The smart
Of wounds encountered in the strife

Hyde Park

Of noonday life
Shall be forgotten even as childish scars.

But even should you miss
This lyric bliss,
Should no cool breezes sing
A twilight tune to wing you to the stars,
Yet lo! when you return
To tread the road outside the iron rail—
—The throbbing road of human passioning—
You shall discern
Chromatic colours that you scarcely knew
Transform the streets to old enchanted ways,
Houses shall tower like ancient palaces,
And Truth shall call you from behind her veil
Of Beauty : ' Seek me here within the blue ' .
And as you hear
The irresistible voice
Intolerably dear,
And guess the wisdom in her holy eyes,
You shall rejoice
To follow her, unheeding of the cost,
Counting the hours well lost
In such a quest ;
Nor shall you rest
Till she no longer flies
But drops her veil at dawn before your worshipping
eyes.

*The Dutch Garden, Kensington
Gardens*

To C. M.

THIS formal garden has a green
Surrounding pergola : a screen
To hide it from the hurried eyes
That have no time for mysteries.
But those, whom rumour or a chance
Turn in their walk has brought to glance
Upon it, find small windows cut
Within the leaves that elsewhere shut
The inner beauty from their view.
Some saunter past ; but some look through
Enchanted by the strict design :
The water, steps, the flowers that line
The shallow terraces and hum
A little, coloured song ; and some
Enjoy the flagged, grass-threaded paths ;
And some will watch the fussy baths
Of sparrows, who would free their wings
From London's sooty smotherings.
Sometimes a watcher will surprise
Framed in a window other eyes,

The Dutch Garden, Kensington

And wonder just how much is seen
From other angles in the screen.
But if those eyes should chance to be
A friend's, with what felicity
He quickly leaves his separate
And narrow window for the gate
Where two or three may stand abreast
And share a wider view and rest
Their arms upon the barrier,
Which no one but the gardener
Ever unlocks. Here will they meet
And glory in the still retreat.
And one will bid the other mark
How curiously among the dark
And sober flowers are set the white :
Unevenly, but with a right
Proportion very good to see.
And leaning there they will agree
That nowhere in the whole wide ground
Can such a quiet place be found.
Then by degrees their words will end.
The garden's peace will gently wend
Its way within their hearts, and steep
Their senses in a calm as deep
As some divine dream-scented sleep.

Paddington, G. W. R.

LIKE some enslavèd dragon moves the train,
In clanking iron harness ; up and down
The dingy platform men and women, grown
Patient of Pandemonium, weave a skein
Of human clamour with the tangled chain
Of station din, whilst shrieking whistles drown
Their parting words, and many a weary frown
Betrays a tortured ear and aching brain.
Yet through the tunnel noon is glimmering,
And through the turmoil breathes a still delight :
For steel and fire shall flash them to the West—
Across the breadth of England they will swing,
And when day creeps to the bosom of the night,
Exmoor shall lull them on her quiet breast.

To an Almond Tree in London

WHAT unknown delight
Pierced your winter gloom
That a cloud of bloom
Greets our morning sight ?

What sweet sudden thrill
Stirred your blackened stems
That you thrust these gems
On our window-sill ?

What impassioned art
With your branches strove ?
What unlooked-for love
Burgeoned in your heart ?

What in human mind
Gave your form to you ?
Adam and Eve knew,
But ourselves are blind.

The Way, the Truth, and the Life

SOME leave the Christian road
And at a loss
Follow the Path of Wisdom Buddha showed—
And find the Cross.

Strong in omniscient youth
They slay the Word ;
Yet in the mist-veiled battle for the Truth
He is their sword.

‘ He never lived ’ they cry :
But in their pain
Of thwarted love the Love they must deny
Suffers again.

Immanence

‘Wherever He is present, there He is with His whole
Essence.’

SWEDENBORG.

If you should take a phial full of air
And seal it fast, the several elements
Of skiey essence would be no less there
Than in the mistral’s steady violence.
The air that fills the wings of humming birds
Bears up the eagle’s pinion on her flight,
Lets fall a floating thistle-down, yet herds
The clouds together on a stormy night ;
Sings through the little hollow of a reed
And screams when torn asunder by a shell,
Gives to each thing according to its need
Yet in itself is inexhaustible.
So God is in His essence in each clod,
Yet none can boast him ‘ I am God ’ . . . thank God.

The Sundial

DECEMBER

So many days the Sun has made no sign,
Has veiled his face from his rapt worshipper,
Who stands unconscious of the passing year,
Remembering only moments, fierce, divine,
When rays of glory pierced the heavens to shine
Upon his face. Oh! what to him the whirl
Of Time's swift wings who listens for a stir
Of wind to lift the veil before the shrine?
Years and the flux of years are nought to him
Whose life is centred in the flux of light,
Who stands whole days bathed in a splendid flame,
And waits long hours for the first dawning rim
Above the earth; absorbed by day and night—
Blest victim of the Sun-god's mystic game.

A Wood

I SAW an image of the human soul :
An open field, and on the further side
A still, deep wood. Many are satisfied
To cross the field and lazily to stroll
Under the trees. To others every bole
Is scarred with life, and every glade and ride
Lures to adventure ; men have lived and died
Seeking the hidden centre of the whole.
And I have seen far down a silent glade
Great trees shattered by lightning, younger trees
Growing in light and freedom from their death.
And there are places where the sun and shade
Weave such a golden web of mysteries
That suddenly seeing them you hold your breath.

Hindhead

ALL day we walked under a leaden sky.
The further hills were blue
As autumn blaeberries,
And nearer hills were purple, and the high
Wind-smitten pines stood black against the light.
The shivering birches knew
No shelter, no respite
From long endurance. Men and trees
Fought with the dominant will.
Through copse and over heather-covered hill
We passed until the Winter afternoon
Found us by Frensham Pond. Then gloriously
Burst out the sun
And blazed upon the water : whilst the moon
Like a white feather tossed up by the gale
Floated in heaven. Quickly day was done.
White winds swept clear the sky,
While like a stab of ecstasy
Piercing a calm deep joy the evening star
Thrilled in the burning West.
So blest
We wandered home across the vale,
Quiet as spirits are
Who have attained their quest.

Accidie

THE trees are motionless : the skies
Are heavy as pain-deadened eyes.
There is no sparkle in the light,
It shines, but in its own despite,
Taking no joy in energy
But yielding it impassively,
Until the clouds shall break and weep
Away their heaviness in deep
Renewing night. Meanwhile the blue
Of early dusk is stealing through
The drooping branches of the wood,
And though in her most dreary mood
Nature is lovely.

Can it be
That even our souls' aridity
Is beautiful in other eyes
To whom our thoughts are trees and skies ?

On the Trapeze

THEY fly from bar to swinging bar,
Leave go, and catch another far
Beyond, and swing again.
And now with hands and now with knees
They climb about the swift trapeze
And swinging nearer by degrees
Their place of rest attain.

But should they hesitate or slip,
And lose their balance or their grip,
Their confidence is gone.
For losing poise they lose their all,
Down, down into the net they fall
Whence miserably they may crawl
To earth and walk thereon.

The poet swings from rhyme to rhyme ;
In perfect balance, even time,
His thoughts run to a tune.
O, well for him if he maintain
The rhythmic laws of his domain,
Nor take his airy flight in vain
And come to earth too soon.

H I S

To my Wife

ALAS! That in the hour
When the first flame of passion flushed our day,
And my soul's garden blossomed into flower,
Our muse hid her away!

Ah, that I might but prove
How every pulse within my vibrant heart
Sang to me of the Heaven of your love!
But songless and apart

Our unresponsive Muse,
Secret and cold, as if in jealousy
Of your imperial splendour, did refuse
Her meed of poesy.

Now in the length of years
When all my being throbs with joy of you,
Even her ice is thawed, and she in tears
Would for your pardon sue.

To the Same

I HELD thee love-worthy in form and face
When first the irrevocable hand of chance
Gave thee to me as comrade in the dance,
And rhythmically one with wedded pace
We tripped our destined measure. Maiden grace
Betokened gracious woman, maiden glance
Looked fearlessly upon the countenance
Of Life and wooed the world to thine embrace.
Lovely thou wert to me in maidenhood,
Yet lovelier in wedlock through the years,
That lead us onward to new mysteries
Of close companionship in hopes and fears,
But loveliest to me in motherhood
Charming the love-light into baby eyes.

To my Wife in Absence

I

How the gale whines without, like to the moan
Of some lost spirit hurled athwart the wind
And craving guidance! All unquiet in mind
I sit within and dream that you are gone
On some immortal quest and I alone,
Forlorn, unshepherded, am left behind
To follow you by paths I may not find
O'er perilous crags that turn my heart to stone!
Sudden there shoots a flame-bolt from the hearth
You love, and, loving, charge with love of you,
Cleaves through the gloom and sets my heart aglow
With your beloved presence, and the dearth
That wasted me so little while ago
Yields to the wealth of your love's revenue!

To my Wife in Absence

II

DEAREST, again I lose you and the glow
Radiant, evanescent, that beguiled
My heart to warmth, dies ; and the earth that smiled
To greet Love's presence, yields anew to woe
Of her betrayal, and with a veil of snow
Shrouds her in semblance of a maid half-child,
Half-woman, who in innocence defiled
Flies a deceitful world and takes the vow.
So veils my heart its radiance and a gloom
Encircles me, not all the alchemy
Of these my books, love-laden with the spell
Of passionate poets, that fulfil the room
As with a spectral love-light, may dispel,
But only your love's instant wizardry.

The Poet to his Wife

*Of the Genesis of their Child-Muse on the Occasion of
her first Birthday.*

THRICE three years and yet three
Measure the pathway of our spirit-life,
Since first the joy of you enfolded me,
And our souls mingled, wife.

In that thrice-mystic hour
Your woman's soul prevailed to infuse
Essence of you in me as of a flower,
And lo! our baby-muse!

'Full many years', you cry,
'To bring so slight a maiden to the birth!'
Nay! In the span of immortality
Years are but little worth!

A little year ago
She was but as a pulse within my heart.
Listen! already she would croon and crow
Her baby girlhood's part.

Take her, your own and mine,
Flower of our souls' communion in Love,
Pledge her to service of the Power divine
That fashioned her above!

To my New-Born Son

You come upon a world grown old in sin,
Pallid and haggard with incontinence ;
You bring with you the balm of innocence :
Would God that you, my baby paladin
Vowed to a spiritual crusade, might win
Release of the swaddling-bands of common sense,
Worn threadbare in the service of pretence,
And come upon a christened world, wherein
Truth, handfasted with honour, should renew
Man in his Maker's image ! The young world,
Born of the chaos of the old world's doom,
Gropes blindly for reality, as you
Feel fitfully for life, your fingers curled
Upon a dream, dreamt in your mother's womb.

My Muse (aged sixteen months)
communes with my Son
(aged eleven months)

‘BROTHER, I sought the upper air,
Threading the golden dust of light:
Wondrous fair was the vision there
Of the world beyond the Night!’

‘Sister, I crawled ten miles to-day,
Past the lamp to the library door:
Bright and gay was the carpet-way,
But I chose the oaken floor!’

‘Brother, behind the light I caught
Just a glimpse of the naked sun:
Passion-fraught was the Love he taught,
And the hope of a world-at-one!’

‘Sister, I thumped my father’s face,
Thumped his face till his mouth looked O,
Thumped apace—not a second’s grace—
But I cried when he shouted No!’

My Muse

‘ Brother, I fell—from the height I fell,
Swift as a hawk from its upmost pitch.
Hark! a knell or a wedding-bell?

But alas! I know not which!’

‘ Sister, I tumbled on my nose—
Oh the pang of the moment’s pain!—
Shrieked my woes, but anon I rose,
And away on the road again.’

A Half-Hour with Mary

SUDDEN and vivid as a flash of light
From golden plovers wheeling in the sun,
Now bright-eyed and a-sparkle with the fun
Of living, flushed and dimpled with delight
Of the soul's abandonment ; now locked in fight
With whomsoe'er you happen on, begun
In mischief, closed in tears,—ah passionate one !
Such elemental cloudburst as to fright
Old Aeolus himself—then suddenly
Calm, and a still small voice as of a child
Fast in a book and all unconsciously
Whispering hard-won words : warm-hearted, true,
Tempestuous Mary, how I love the wild
Half-tutored savagery that is you !

*On Chiding a Girl for Metrical
Untidiness in her Verses*

O PITEOUS, as a child
Owning obedience to a reprimand
For faults she may but hardly understand,
A creature of the wild !

O Pedant, who would curb
Within the strait formality of use
The honeysuckle of a virgin muse,
The fragrance of a herb !

O Poet, who would mate
The child's abandon with the pedant's law,
Mould into form the vision that she saw,
Yet keep inviolate !

Ye Pilgrims in a world,
Where frozen age prisons the spring of youth,
Witness the orb'd humility of truth,
The suppliant dew—impearled.

To U. M.

On Reading her Novels.

FAR up among the windswept hills and bare
I know a sun-kist pool, whose purity
Lets in the light for him, who will, to see
A world of wondrous beauty, gem-like, rare,
Remote as Heaven itself—yet everywhere
The jewelled denizens, so busily
Plying their round, flash back Reality,—
And all about is sunlight and clean air.
Such the awakened memory you unfurled
Of half-forgotten feeling, when I stole
A wanderer in your pageant of mankind ;
And I refreshed my spirit in a world,
Washed in the limpid well-spring of your mind,
Transfigured in the sunlight of your soul.

Dry-Fly

How dearly do I love in early May
To bid good-morrow to the friendly Test,
To feel again the over-mastering zest
Of rod and line, the calculated play
Of wrist and finger curbing to my sway
The breeze-entrancèd fly, till coaxed, caressed,
Light as a thistle-down it sinks to rest
Upon the bosom of the waterway.
I have forgotten all the world of care :
Heaven and hell are poised upon a point,
Vast as the circle of the firmament,
Small as a fish's nose. My every joint
Is rigid, every faculty intent
Upon a dream of rapture or despair.

*The Poet in Imagination colloques
with his Young Son by the
Waters of the Test*

A RISE!

Looks like a good 'un too!
There! By the willow! See it? Use your eyes,
Lad, do!

A dun!

Pale-watery's the fly!
Careful! There'll be a drag above the run!
Now try!

Fly grassed?

Yes, awkward bit of stick!
Give it another foot or two! Don't cast
So quick!

Well done!

He'll look at that at least!
Steady! You struck too soon, my lad! He's gone,
The beast!

The Poet in Imagination

Still there ?

Odd ! After such a miss !

You didn't prick him ? Not enough to scare ?

A kiss ?

So ! So !

Give him a Greenwell, boy !

Gently ! That ought to do it ! Careful, now,

He's coy !

Now wait !

Strike, lad ! He's on ! Good trout !

Give him his head, and keep your rod up straight !

Look out !

A snag !

Hold him ! He's for the root !

Good ! Mind the weed ! He's fighting like a stag,

The brute !

He's fast !

Slacken the line ! He'll think

He's free of all his troubles and has cast

The link !

That's right !

He's off again ! And now

Give him the butt ! He's tiring of the fight.

And slow !

The Poet in Imagination

Not yet!

Good fish! What a glorious rush!

Steady, my lad! He'll beat you! Mind your net!

The bush!

You're clear!

Weeded again! He's gone!

No! Yes! Bad luck, you've lost him! What! a tear,

My son?

No less!

Well, often I've felt as sore,

And almost cried! A good two-pounder? Yes,

And more!

Meldon Quarry-Pool

I FISHED the Okement down to Redaven brook,
Then stayed by the old quarry-workings, tired :
Vanished the morning keenness that had fired
My spirit to the venture. I forsook
My rod, yet could not settle to my book :
I felt as if some Evil Thing conspired
To rob me of the rest I so desired,
So close upon me that I needs must look.
I crossed the stream and clambered to the road :
Sheer-down, the quarry-pool, like a drowned eye,
Glassy and glacier-green, grinned up at me
From its sunken rock-hewn socket—fit abode
For Kraken or the baleful Lorelei
Leering upon a mortal lustfully !

Kaleidoscope

*Night thoughts after a strenuous day in the Chair
at an Executive Committee Meeting.*

The Committee. A flight of coloured glasses in a
frame,
Wait hawk-wise on the flushing of the game.

Mine but the hand that casts, the eye that sees ;
The colours fly their pitches as they please :

And though I hold the power of life or death—
The author of their motions and the breath—

Though I may choose the quarry for their flight,
Heron for haggard, sparrow for the kite ;

Reclaim them to the lure at my desire ;
Hood or unhood them as I may require ;

No mastery have I of miss or kill :
I but record their failure or their skill.

Kaleidoscope

And should they miss, the pattern's all awry ;
Or kill, behold a colour symphony !

Yet ne'er have I beheld clean kill or miss,
Nor shall, till good kill evil with a kiss.

The Agenda. A wide expanse of down I ranged
to-day,
Upland or lowland, as the quarry lay :

I flushed a heron by the river's edge,
Teal in the wood-pool, mallard in the sedge.

The Weighty. Game for the nobler falcons in their
pride,
Haggard and tercel gentle, to provide :

Partridges, on the upland fallows met,
And pigeons served their appetites to whet.

The Chairman's mind. And ever as the falcons
held the scene,
Strong colours won the mastery of my screen,

Crimson and orange, green and gold and blue
Marshalled their forces boldly for review.

Kaleidoscope

The Trivial. But through the day my search would
chiefly yield

The multifarious vermin of the field :

Sparrow and lark, field-mouse and water-vole
For sparrow-hawk and kestrel to take toll.

And whensoever they viewed the sordid prize,
They 'bated, beat', and uttered their shrill cries :

Till my head dithered with their chatterings,
And I close-hooded them and pulled the strings.

The Chairman's mind. And ever as the kestrels
held the scene

Dun tones predominated in my screen,

Neutral and aquatints and fawns and greys
Melted within each other to a haze.

The Chairman. So passed, in early watches of the
night,

The day's work haloed with the spirit's light.

Then I became the chairman of my soul
And marshalled all my thoughts and called the
roll.

Kaleidoscope

A myriad host of vermin thoughts upstart,
The trivial trophies of a kestrel heart,

And colour o'er my mind's kaleidoscope
With dismal hues without design or hope ;

Yet some few, worthy of a falcon's pitch,
' Towering in pride of place ', strive to enrich

The twilight that about the mirror clings,
And at the sight the haggard in me springs ;

And climbing upward, circles on her quest,
Till from the poise of Truth she stoops to rest.

O Falconer of the Heavens, in thy sight
Fain would I fly my pitch a haggard's height !

Then and Now

I stood awhile on Bristol Bridge and dreamt
Of other days. I saw the arch nigh meet
Of gabled houses crowding on the street :
The hooded shops beetle-browed and unkempt
With rope and twine and wares hung out to tempt
Happening sailor-folk ; I heard the feet
Of eager merchants hurrying to greet
Safe harbouring of some venturous attempt
Long over-due ; the clatter of a chain ;
The sigh of running tackle. And the air
Was pungent with a tarry smell to brace
The nostrils and awake the clouded brain
To sense of ships, of sea-faring, and space
About the souls of seamen. In despair

I stood again on Bristol Bridge awake,
And all the shadowy sight and sound and smell
Took on the glare of now : the strident yell
Of tramway trolley-wires : the fetid lake
Churned by a clanking dredger's ceaseless rake
To clotted filth : the traffic flung pell-mell
In fevered urgency : the foot-fall swell

Then and Now

Of thousands, thousands hurrying in the wake
Of thousands whither ? Whence ? In naked shame
The gaunt and grimy tenemented row,—
Blotched with the new abortions of old signs
Spawned and forgotten,—like a carrion crow
Brooding upon the corpse of Bristowe's fame.
And from my soul I cursed the Philistines ;

I would have cast them in the pit of hell,
Who bartered Beauty for a tinker's trade,
Cherished the cult of cheapness to degrade
The craftsman of his rank : who tolled the knell
Of dignity and bade the wage-slave dwell
On squalor's dung-heap, while the masquerade
Of Mammon danced through life. And undismayed
I heard the multitudinous murmur swell
To roar of ripe revolt, and from my heart
I prayed of Ruin, time's high architect,
That freemen of the guild of beauty, bound
By beauty's law, might rise and re-erect,
In memory of the mediaeval mart,
A fabric worthy of the storied ground.

A TRAIN swept up the valley with the roar
Of shingle on the shore,—
Disquieting my spirit as a wave,
Spume-flecked and hoar,
Startles the sheltered silence of a sunken cave,—

Passed me and fled with fast-diminishing sound
On its appointed round,
Care-laden with the cruelty of the world,
Leaving aground
Within my shuddering soul drift from the wrack it
hurled.

To a Rejected Lover

STRONG and, in your strength, tender ;
Gay, yet in your gaiety grave,
Yours the vision of surrender,
Yours the awakening, who gave
All to Love that, unresponsive, spurns her slave.

Strong, and of your love stronger,
Discipline your soul's stay,
Yours the spirit that, no longer
Set upon Love's primrose way,
Breasts the tangled night of sorrow to the day.

But the dawn is grey and old
And the flame of youth is flown,
And the heart of you is cold
As a stone !

Disillusionment

LAUNCHED down channel
With the sunlight on the sea
My thoughts went a-questing,
Couriers of me.

‘ Flatholm, Steepholm,
Why so dark and drear
With the flood aflame around you,
And the weather clear ? ’

‘ Year in, year out,
The dun tide flows ;
Nought know we of noon-sapphire
Or of sunset-rose.

‘ Seek Queen Lundy
Flaunting in the sun
With her jewelled crown a-sparkle
And her robe sky-spun.

‘ Land-locked, sand-swept,
Groundlings are we !
Seek of her the joyaunce
Of the ocean-free. ’

Disillusionment

‘Lundy, Lundy,
Wherefore plunged in woe,
With the golden sun above you
And the blue sea below?’

‘Channel-warden,
I know nor ease nor rest
For the homing ships that hail me
And the ships bound west.

‘Alone, alone,
Queen of the ocean ways,
I crave the homely narrows
And the land-locked bays.’

Sad thoughts, wise thoughts,
Weary thoughts of me
Wend homeward from their questing
O’er a sunless sea.

To a Lady

I MET one newly risen out of pain,
Who would have proved the end of earth's despite,
Sought from behind the veil of death the light
Of living justice, that should warm again
The frozen furrows of her tortured brain,
Scatter the after-gloom of doubtful night,
And from the well-spring of eternal right
Water her soul's drought with faith-giving rain.
Idle the far-off quest she made, while there
About her was the spiritual glow
Of one who from the valley of despair
Comes forth ennobled, and with courage high,
Crowned with a crown of thorns upon her brow,
Bears witness to the spirit's majesty.

To a Wife

*In Happy Ignorance that her Husband is Dying of
an Incurable Malady.*

WOULDST sooner know,
And, knowing, treasure up the waning hours,
More precious for the love that sorrow showers
Upon a mutual woe ?

Or with thy mate
Enjoy thine Indian summer of deceit ;
Then suddenly at sundown turn to meet
Death in the gate ?

O Ignorance,
Grateful thy dewy Hope that veils our dust !
O Knowledge, awful art thou and august
Thy naked countenance !

To the Spirit of my Library

YOU haunt me in the quiet of my room :
I find you in the scent of an old book ;
The colour of old calf ; the cloistered look
Of some old folio ; the chastened gloom,
Where ghosts of half-forgotten memories loom,
And from the corner of the ingle-nook
Whispers the spirit-voice of one, who took
Such joy of you, as of a bride her groom.
These are your sombre moments and austere :
But in the gracious hour of even-fall,
When sunset calls the red and gold and green
Of tooled morocco to his carnival,
You weave a rainbow-web of sunlight here,
And dance upon the sunbeams as his queen.

*Lines Written after Re-arranging
my Library*

O SUBTLE maid,
That with a gesture would in part renew
The early spell you laid
On your creator when I fashioned you,

With so slight change
As scarce to take the colour of a dream,
Intimate and yet strange,
At once you are and are not what you seem !

'Twas I, you say,
Who willed it ! Mine the alchemy, not yours.
You are as yesterday,
Clothed with the spirit's vesture that endures.

Not true ! Not true !
You are not as you were, nor shall again
Capture that other you,
That yesterday sang to the old refrain.

Re-arranging my Library

Familiar books

Utter their changeless thoughts in a new key,
While with astonished looks
They eye the strangers, where they used to be.

Familiar hues

Weave an unwonted pattern to the eye.
Come! Will you yet refuse
Their formal witness to my mastery?

'Tis mine to give

Fresh impulse to your Being and display
My mind's initiative,
That stamps my purpose on your living clay.

Yet minted coin,

Image and superscription, bounds its worth.
But you, informed, enjoin
The boundless covenant that gave you birth.

Reciprocal

Our life; and interacting you and I
In bonds connubial
Mint a new coinage of Reality.

Imagination

QUIETLY I walk
The lowland moor for game,
My pointer at my heel, the while I stalk
Holts of well-proven fame.

But when I change
Lowland for open fell,
Slipping the leash, I bid him freely range
His wilderness of smell.

Quartering wide,
He checks upon a scent,
Now eager, now at fault, beyond, beside :
I wait on the event.

Stayed in mid-rush
He quakes : then stiffens, stark !
I climb the hags in haste—only to flush
Too often toad or lark !

Yet have I known
Rare moments of delight,
When from the lowlier haunts of grouse have flown
Ptarmigan of the height.

Swift to the shot
My pointer drops at ease,
His questing done ; whether for weal or not
His master's skill decrees.

Trance

I SAT alone at gaze
Into the glowing heart of my wood-fire,
Thought-weary and bemused as with a haze
Of Sense, wafted from embers of desire ;

Till, as the firelight waned,
Stricken with the palsy of the creeping ash,
My senses flickered, sank : yet I remained
A watcher of myself ;—and as a flash

Signalled the embers' doom,
I, disembodied, saw my senses woven
In wreathèd webs, as by a living loom,
Marshalling all the threads, that I had proven,

Of life's experience
Into the perfect pattern of the whole ;
And I, the watcher, knew Omniscience,
As I, the watched, the measure of my soul.

*On the 4 p.m. West of England
Express*

LEAVING the hum of London's hive,
Passing tired with the week's work done,
Pulse alive to the piston's drive,

I and the train are one.

Rolling West on an iron track,
Mile on mile to a destined goal,
Through the wrack of the funnel-stack,
The wraith of the dying coal.

Signal-bound, to the future blind—
Do I set the points for heaven or hell?—
Body and Mind relaxed, resigned,
I yield me to the spell.

Sudden the sun with his glowing eye
Holds me tranced—and vale and hill
Flicker by on a vibrant sky,
But the sun and I stand still.

Out of the future into the past
Speeds the earth twixt the sun and me,
Winging fast on a time-born blast
In quest of eternity.

Trammel-free I and the sun,
Watchers both of a world in thrall,
View as one the deeds undone
With the deeds beyond recall.

Light on Einstein

THE Lady of the Light
Swept earthward by the road the planets run,
Curtseyed a greeting to the ardent sun,
Yet paused not in her flight,
Till, mistress of her quest,
She folded home within the eye of man—
But he, discourteouswise, would only scan
The fashion of her vest.

‘Ethereal? Divine?
Gossamer of the Universe? But nay!
She bowed with gravity, as bows the clay,
Your body’s dust and mine!’

O ye of little faith,
She lives but in the bosom of man’s mind;
Dies, if her welcome there prove him unkind,
The shadow of a wraith.

Your dust is but the lane
Whereby she wends her way into your soul,
Happy if there she find God’s aureole
To compass her again.

The Master-Craftsman

All harmony is founded on a relation to rest—on relative rest.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

The point of rest (in a work of art) is the least interesting point of the whole work . . . *punctum indifferens*.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Is it not possible to regard the system of co-ordinates as at rest . . . ?—ALBERT EINSTEIN, *The Times*, Nov. 25, 1919.

THE Master-Craftsman stood
Intent upon the mysteries of His trade,
Conned the design and saw that it was good,
The balance of the high-light and the shade,
In measured equipoise
The radiant sun and his attendant moon,
The inter-stellar darkness, that decoys
Sight from too strong a vision, ere it swoon,
And sought the point of rest,
The key-note of the spheral harmony,
Within the world of Man, scarce manifest
Amid the brilliance of the galaxy,
And from that world of Man
Singled the twilight of the human mind,
Glowing with promise of the perfect plan,
Quick with the dawn of truth, dimly divined,
That, relative to him,
The planetary measures and their laws
Sway in obedience to the Master's whim,
That made of Man their focus and their cause.

My House is built upon the Rock

My house is built upon the rock :
Mid-way upon the hill it stands,
Anchored in earth, yet so commands
The far-flung heavens as to mock

Its earthly shackles, and embrace
With arms that to the inward eye
Strain out beyond infinity
And clasp behind the dome of space,

The house ideal, the spirit's home,
Born of the earth, and yet it seems
Transfigured in the night of dreams,
The symbol of earth overcome.

So stands humanity mid-way
Upon the hill of Sapience,
Anchored upon Experience,
And straining upwards from its clay

To where, set free of space and time,
The many mingle in the one,
And Man achieves reunion
With his Creator of the prime.

Thoughts on our Present Discontents

GRANDFATHER God

Looked in upon the nursery of the spheres,
Grieving to hear the youngling earth in tears
Beneath the rod.

Too passionate,
The boy in wrath had struck his mother, Love,
Who summoned Father Justice to reprove
The reprobate.

Yet at the wail
Of wayward earth in pain his mother's heart
Softened, and she would fain disclaim her part
In his travail.

' Too stern, too strong!
Could such a child deserve so harsh a blow?
Say, Grandfather, surely it was not so
When I was young? '

And God replied :
' Nay, Love, reverence Justice as your mate!
Yet, Justice, hearken! Love, disconsolate,
Pleads at your side! '

The Fanatic

STARK as a rock
That stands unshaken to the roaring surge,
Self-anchored thou abid'st the tongues that scourge,
The tongues that mock.

The passing age
Names thee a wrecker, charts thee with a sign
That here Life's currents clash, and thou, malign,
Liv'st by their rage.

Yet with the years
Men rear for thee a watch-tower and a light,
A beacon for the faithful in the night
To stay their fears.

Devil or Saint ?
Who dares to chart man's traffic with his God ?
Or saint or devil, thou art passion-shod
To spur the faint !

*On the Discovery of a New Star in
Cygnus*

UNHERALDED she came.
Out of what chaos of the cosmic dust
Was she evolved ?
What sovereign mind resolved
Those fluctuant forces and compelled
Within her starry frame
The warring hosts their quarrel to adjust ?
She came unmarked
Save by the few who held
Unceasing watch of the heavens, and, embarked
On lonely voyaging through the midnight sky,
Cast anchor, suddenly
At rest,
Within her unknown Island of the Blest.
Perfect, unique,—
As the creation of a Poet's mind,
Who even beyond the bounds of thought would
 seek
The very source of light,
Till almost blind
He staggers to his goal,—
She flashed upon their vision in the night.

Discovery of a New Star in Cygnus

O questing Soul
In this the night of unregenerate Man,
Look Heavenward ! who knows
But even now within the Almighty span
The chaos stiffens, shrinks,
And, starlike, sinks
To its repose ?

Relativity

To and fro
The winds blow :
Still is the wind's heart.
Dost know
The peace at the wind's heart ?

To and fro
My thoughts go :
Quiet is my mind's sea.
Dost know
The deeps of the mind's sea ?

To and fro
The ions flow :
Poised is the world's frame.
Canst know
The law of the world's frame ?

To and fro
The souls go :
Abides the soul's God.
Wouldst know
The love of the Soul's God ?

The Personal Idealist

THE diamonds of Night
Sparkled upon the velvet of her gown :
Imperious as a Babe, in her despite
I claimed them for my own ;

Toys for a sturdy Thought
To play with in the nursery of the Mind,
Sole subjects of my Babyship, if aught
Availeth Babykind.

So played I, till a cloud
Caught up my starry toys one after one,
Folded the darkness round me, as a shroud,
And bade me sleep—alone.

Give and Take

WE wake,
We claim new inspiration of the light,
We bid the quarrels of the morning break
The shield of night.

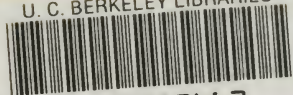
We sleep ;
Resign the booty of a heart outworn ;
Restore our aspirations to the keep
Whence they were torn.

We live,
And, living, share the pain of the world's strife ;
We die, and from the Peace of Death derive
The spoils of Life.

Who knows ?
Creation was the severance that Man spurns.
Out of the pregnant darkness he arose,
To light returns.

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